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Taking the Census in Bingville

An Entertainment in One Act

By

JESSIE A. KELLEY

Author of "Scenes in a Restaurant," "Our Church Fair," "The Village Post-Office," "Miss Prim's Kindergarten," etc.

BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1911

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Taking the Census in Bingville

CHARACTERS

CENSUS TAKER.
ROSY GRADY, *an Irish maid.*
PATRICK MALONE, *a policeman who didn't want to be examined.*
BILL WATT, *not so bright but still gets ahead of them all.*
MR. HARDER, *chauffeur.*
MR. KNOTT, *aeronaut.*
MR. STONE, *farmer who has rheumatiz.*
MRS. JONES, *a much married woman.*
MR. SALOON, *a barber who is "Henglish."*
DR. DUNCAN.
MRS. TIBBETS, *who tries to be young.*
MR. SINGLE, *an editor.*
MR. JEPSON, *a grocer-postmaster.*
MRS. SAMPSON, *who has a large family.*
MR. MORE, *an undertaker.*
MRS. MURPHY, *who is proud of her name.*
MISS HARTLEY, *a teacher.*
MR. SHARP, *a lawyer who is looking for clients.*
TONY, *a fruit dealer.*
MR. ELLWOOD, *a minister.*
MRS. STONE, *a farmer's wife who is afraid she has hookworm.*
SUSIE GIBBS, *who is love sick.*

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STAGE SETTING

Stage may be arranged to represent a hall. If not convenient to have curtain have the players come in in groups with usual salutations, the moderator calling the meeting to order when all are assembled. Departure may be made same as entrance. If a curtain is used have the players seated when it rises and the moderator calls meeting to order at once. Curtain falls as census taker rushes out.

COSTUMES

Most of the costumes may be ordinary modern costumes but where the parts admit, some grotesque costuming always adds to the effect.

NOTES

The census taker may add much to the merriment by his impatience, manifested in various ways as running fingers through hair, pacing floor while stories are being told, etc., etc. Bill Watt may also be much in evidence doing any droll things —chewing gum, offering it to others, taking out looking glass and fixing hair, spinning top, etc. Be very careful, however, that in doing these things, no such disturbance is made that the audience cannot hear what is being said. Census taker should be careful not to have back to the audience at any time. All should come forward and stand while being questioned. Speak slowly and distinctly. Make the jokes local in every possible case. Practice story-telling until it can be done perfectly, bringing out the point plainly and acting out the part. Laugh heartily at the jokes. Songs and speeches may be easily inserted if desired.

"My Pome too U" is taken from "Life." "Love" and "A Deal in Bananas" are also taken from papers.

Taking the Census in Bingville

MR. SINGLE (*in a very oratorical manner*). Fellow citizens, we have met here to-night to consider the munificent offer of that great and good man, Andrew Carnegie, who out of the abundant generosity of his heart wishes to furnish us the wherewithal to build a library in this town.

MR. MORE. Huh! Guess he could furnish it better out of his pocketbook than out of his heart.

MR. SINGLE (*looking at* MR. M. *scornfully*). If our brother has anything to say worth saying will he kindly address the chair? If not, will he remain silent? I am the chairman of this meeting (*pompously*), and wish it run properly.

MR. ELLWOOD. Mr. Chairman ——

MR. SINGLE (*very suavely*). Mr. Ellwood?

MR. E. I understand that this man does not want to die rich, perhaps remembering that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven, so I think it is our duty to help him dispose of a little of his surplus wealth. I move that our secretary be instructed to notify him to that effect.

MR. HARDER. Just tell him while you're writing that if he needs any more help in getting rid of it that I should be very willing to accommodate him to the extent of half a million or so.

MR. STONE. Wall, now, I tell yew, when I git rich, there's one thing I'm a-goin' to hev.

MISS HARTLEY. What's that, Mr. Stone?

MR. STONE (*going through motions*). A pair of galluses for my other pants. Dashed if I ain't tired of everlastingly shiftin' galluses from one pair of trousers to tother.

(CENSUS TAKER *rushes in.*)

CENSUS TAKER. I'm glad I've found where the folks of this forsaken town are. I've pounded at every door until my knuckles are sore and couldn't raise a soul.

DR. DUNCAN. They say opportunity knocks once at every man's door. This would be a poor time for her to knock around here, wouldn't it?

MR. SHARP. She hasn't knocked very loud at my door yet, but I don't know why this is a poor day for her visit. Why?

DR. D. Everybody would think it was the census man and hide.

CENSUS TAKER. Guess that's what they all did in this blooming place.

MR. SHARP. I don't take any chances. I answer every knock and give my office boy strict orders not to let a client escape.

MR. KNOTT. Thought you were the fellow I saw in the court room the other morning rushing around as if you hadn't time to breathe.

MR. SHARP (*laughing heartily*). Did you see my boy come rushing in for me?

MR. K. Yes. The way you ran out I thought some one was dying. What was the matter?

MR. SHARP (*acting it out*). He told me there was a man in the office who wanted to see me on business, so I didn't let any grass grow under my feet before starting—hadn't seen a client for a month. I ran till I was out of breath, the boy behind me until he got near enough to say, "You needn't hurry, sir, I've locked him in." Then I eased up, went in slowly and told him I was very busy, but if he would be brief I would give him a few minutes of my valuable time.

MR. SALOON. Did you get the case?

MR. SHARP (*dejectedly*). No, he wanted the undertaker.

CENSUS TAKER. Will you people quit your gabbing and answer my questions? I've twenty-six questions to ask each one of you, and how do you suppose I'm ever going to do it?

(*Opens book, gets out pen, etc.*)

MR. SINGLE (*stepping up to* CENSUS TAKER, *throwing out chest*). Do you realize that you are interrupting a meeting of which I am the chairman?

CENSUS TAKER. Can't help that. This is government business and must be attended to, willy-nilly. You go and sit down until I'm ready for you. (MR. SINGLE, *amid laughs of the people, sits down.*) I'll give some of the women a chance to talk first. They're always glad to exercise their tongues.

MRS. JONES (*aside*). He seems to be very good at it him-

self. Tongue hung in the middle and wags at both ends, I should say.

CENSUS TAKER (*pointing to* MISS H.). I'll begin with you. Please step out here where I can see and hear you better. (*Reads.*) State whether head of family, wife, son, daughter, boarder, lodger or servant.

MISS H. I'm a servant to the public. Let me see (*counting on fingers*), there's the superintendent one, seven on committee makes eight, I have fifty children ——

CENSUS TAKER. Fifty children! That's the biggest family I've struck yet.

(*Laughter.*)

MISS H. Fifty children who have each two parents ——

CENSUS TAKER (*nodding head*). Oh, I see.

MISS H. Which makes one hundred, added to eight makes one hundred and eight. Yes, I am servant to one hundred and eight people.

CENSUS TAKER. Hired girls won't usually work in such large families. Do all the washing?

MISS H. (*frigidly*). I am not a hired girl. I am a school-teacher.

CENSUS TAKER (*scratching head*). Oh, that's it. Huh-huh! (*Reads.*) Male or female?

MRS. J. Such ridiculous questions! If a woman had charge of census-taking she'd know better than to ask such fool questions.

CENSUS TAKER (*reading*). State whether white, black, mulatto, Chinese, Japanese or Indian. S'pose you call yourself white.

MRS. SAMPSON (*aside*). She's most as black as an Indian.

CENSUS TAKER. How old are you? Give age in completed years at last birthday.

MISS H. (*indignantly*). I am an unmarried woman and I don't think it right to have to answer that question.

MRS. MURPHY. Shure, a boid that won't sing must be made to sing.

CENSUS TAKER. You will have to answer the question. How old are you?

MISS H. (*defiantly*). If you've got to know, I'm twenty-five.

CENSUS TAKER. You are more than that. Tell the truth.

MISS H. Well, then, I'm thirty.

CENSUS TAKER. You're more than that, I know by the looks. Own up.

MISS H. (*snappishly*). If you've got to know, I'm forty years old, but I call this census-taking an imposition.

CENSUS TAKER. That's not so old. Cheer up. You have some chance of getting married yet.

(*Winks and smiles at audience.*)

MISS H. I haven't lost hope, but I'll tell you one thing; I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth, for I'm tired and sick of your palaver already.

(*Laughter.*)

MR. STONE. Thet's the time you got left, Mr. Census-man. Can't git ahead of these 'ere schoolma'ams.

CENSUS TAKER (*running down list of questions*). Where were you born?

MISS H. In Athens.

CENSUS TAKER. Huh, a foreigner! A Greek.

MISS H. I am not a foreigner.

CENSUS TAKER. You said you were born in Athens, and Athens is in Greece if I remember my geography.

MISS H. I was born in the Athens of America, in Boston. Some people are so stupid.

CENSUS TAKER. And some people can't give a straight answer to a straight question to save their necks. Father and mother born in Athens too?

MISS H. (*snappishly*). Yes, they were.

CENSUS TAKER (*looking down list and mumbling questions*). That's all I want of you.

MISS H. And I've had more than I want of you.

(*Laughter.*)

CENSUS TAKER. This man looks more intelligent. (*Points to* MR. E., *who rises.*) Are you head of the family?

MR. E. Yes, presumably, but it isn't wise to be too sure. (*Turns to people.*) Did I ever tell you that story of one of my parishioners in my last parish?

DR. D. No, let's hear it.

CENSUS TAKER (*in despairing manner*). He's worse than the woman.

MR. E. Mr. Hines was a henpecked man if ever there was one—didn't dare to say his soul was his own when his wife was

around, but when she was away you'd think he owned the earth.

MRS. J. Just like all the male animals.

MR. E. One time his wife went away to be gone several days, so he invited some of his men cronies to come up and spend the evening with him, which they did, and he was bragging that he was boss in his own house, he'd like to see any woman dictate to him, he had whoever he liked come to his house, and they did just what they liked, came when they liked, and went when they liked. "In fact," he says, "I am a regular Julius Cæsar." (*Laughter.*) His wife had come quietly in while he was talking, walked up to him, took him by the ear and says: "Julius Cæsar, you march straight up-stairs to bed, and you," turning to his companions, "go home;" and they went. (*Laughter.*) I must answer this man's questions.

CENSUS TAKER (*running down list of questions to himself*). How old?

MR. E. Forty-five. Father Time jogs along, doesn't he?

BILL WATT. Say, Mr. Ellwood, I never heard of Mother Time. Wasn't there a Mother Time, too?

MR. M. Oh, she got lost several centuries ago, Bill. She waited to pin her hat on and has never caught up yet.

BILL. Couldn't she run?

MR. M. No, 'fraid she'd kill some one with the hatpin.

BILL. (*pulling hatpin out of* SUSIE GIBBS' *hat*). I wouldn't want to die such a turrible death. Gee! Just look at that.

(*Holds up hatpin.*)

SUSIE. You give me my hatpin, Bill Watt.

BILL. Take it. I don't want your old hatpin. I'd be arrested for carrying concealed weapons.

MR. JEPSON (*acting out the story*). I was in a crowded street car the other night and the conductor roared out at a meek looking little man who had evidently been imbibing a little, "Why don't you move up the aisle? There's lots of vacant room between you and the lady." The man shook his head unsteadily. "All the room that's there will stay there for all me," he said rather thickly. "I know when I'm well off, betcher life." "Nothing's going to hurt you," says the conductor. "Nothing going to hurt me? Whash you call those four hatpins?" And he pointed a wobbly finger at four hatpins in the woman's hat long enough to scare any man.

(*Laughter.*)

CENSUS TAKER. Guess they'll get the returns from this place some time in the next century. (*To* MR. E.) Any children, mister?

MR. E. Two, a boy and a girl.

MR. H. Hear about my little girl wanting to sing at the wedding in your church the other night, Mr. Elwood?

MR. E. No; wants to begin young, doesn't she? You mean the Ross wedding?

MR. H. Yes; she'd heard the folks talking about the affair. They spoke of some one who was to sing, so she piped up, "I want to sing at the wedding." "No, dear, you couldn't sing there," said her mother. "Yes, I could; I know a pretty piece to sing." "What is it?" I asked. "I'd sing 'Heaven Look with Pity.'" (*Laughter.*)

MR. K. I took my little girl to the choral concert the other night. Mr. Gustavo was the director, and you know how he everlastingly waves that baton.

MR. M. Who was the soprano soloist?

MR. K. Madame Alda. When she was singing a solo, taking those very high notes, Amy leaned over to her mother, and, in a loud whisper that could be heard half way across the theatre, says, "Mamma, why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?" "Hush," says her mother, "he's not hitting her." "Well, then, what is she hollering so for?" says Amy, and I didn't wonder she asked. (*Laughter.*)

CENSUS TAKER (*breaking in hurriedly*). Your occupation, Mr. Elwood?

MR. E. Minister. That makes me think of a story about my little boy.

CENSUS TAKER. If they've started telling the bright sayings of their kids I might as well stop.

MRS. SAMPSON. The dear little boy! What did he say?

CENSUS TAKER (*disgustedly*). The dear little boy——

MR. E. He is not allowed to come into my study when I am writing, but the other morning he came in several times, so I finally said to him, "How many times must I tell you not to come in here when I am busy? You must play somewhere else. You break my train of thought. Do you understand? You break my train of thought." He hung his head and went to find his mother. "Mamma, papa has been calling me names—dreadful names. He called me a train wrecker, and I don't wreck trains, do I, mamma?" (*Laughter. To* CENSUS TAKER.) I beg your pardon. What's your next question?

CENSUS TAKER. What denomination?

MR. E. A Methodist. I've got to tell another story about that boy of mine.

CENSUS TAKER. Will he ever stop?

MR. E. He'd been rather naughty one day, so I asked him if he didn't want to go to heaven to live. I was rather surprised at his answer. "No," he said, "I've moved six times already, and I'm getting rather tired of helping pack furniture." (*To* CENSUS TAKER.) Anything more you want to ask?

CENSUS TAKER (*reading from book*). State whether able to speak English. (*Aside.*) Only trouble with him is he doesn't know when to stop speaking English. Very common trouble with ministers. (*Aloud.*) That's all, sir. Perhaps this woman with the children would like to answer next. Are these all the children you have, madam?

MRS. STONE. Yes.

CENSUS TAKER. This is a little girl. (*Points to one.*) And this one belongs to the contrary sex. Am I right?

MRS. STONE. What did you say?

CENSUS TAKER. I said this one belonged to the contrary sex.

MRS. STONE. Oh, yes, yes, they both belong to the contrary sex; both girls, and contrary is no name for 'em.

CENSUS TAKER (*smiling at little girl*). Wouldn't you like to tell me what name your mother calls your father, my little girl?

CHILD (*indignantly*). She don't call him any names. She likes him. (*Laughter.*)

CENSUS TAKER. How old are you, madam?

MRS. STONE. I've just reached my thirtieth birthday.

CENSUS TAKER (*aside*). Huh, took you about fifty years to reach it. (*Aloud.*) Your occupation?

MRS. STONE. Oh, I get up about four o'clock, mornings, get breakfast for the family and three hired men, see to the milk, feed the hens and pigs, get the children off to school, wash dishes, bake, sweep, make beds and ——

CENSUS TAKER. Oh, you keep house. (*Writes and reads aloud.*) Occupation—none.

MRS. STONE. I tell my husband I don't know what is the matter with me. After I've washed, ironed, swept, baked, washed dishes, fed pigs, milked cows and the rest of the work, I'm too tired after supper to sew. I think I must have the hookworm.

CENSUS TAKER. Must be something serious the matter with you if you're tired after that. (*To* MR. K.) Are you Shott?

MR. K. No, I'm not shot or half shot.

CENSUS TAKER. I thought you looked like a man I used to know—John Shott.

MR. K. No, I'm Knott.

CENSUS TAKER. Tell me what your name is then.

MR. K. Will Knott.

CENSUS TAKER. Why not? What is your name?

MR. K. Will Knott.

CENSUS TAKER (*angrily*). I demand you to tell your name.

MR. K. How many times do you want me to tell it? My name is Will—W-i-l-l—Knott—K-n-o-t-t.

CENSUS TAKER. Oh, certainly—Knott—your occupation?

MR. K. An aeronaut. (*Quotes.*)

"Death comes to daring spirits
Who wing the blue;
The sparrow's fall is heeded;
Will man's be, too?"

DR. D. If you sail the blue you're a sailor, aren't you?

MR. K. Guess so.

DR. D. Why don't you use nautical language and say: "Shiver my timbers"?

MR. K. Oh, you're behind the times. I say "Shiver my gas bag" or "Shiver my wings."

MR. SHARP. They call a man who is always on the water a sea-dog, don't they?

MR. K. I believe so.

MR. SHARP. Then you must be a skye-terrier.

MR. K. A skye-terrier! Why?

MR. SHARP. Because you're always in the sky.

CENSUS TAKER. Any children? (*Aside.*) Most afraid to ask that question for fear of getting them started on stories again.

MR. K. One.

CENSUS TAKER. How old?

MR. K. Let me see—born March, 1894. How old would that be?

CENSUS TAKER. Depends on whether it's a boy or a girl. That will do for you. Who next?

DR. D. Better try me.

(DR. D. *steps out close to* CENSUS TAKER.)

CENSUS TAKER. What smells so? (*Holds nose.*) Phew!

DR. D. It's this suit. My wife had it packed away in moth balls. When I put them on to-night she noticed I looked rather sad and inquired the reason. "These clothes," I moaned. "You ought to look pleased over them," she said; "there isn't a moth in them." "I know it," I replied, "but it's just my sympathetic nature, which sometimes carries me to painful extremes. Of course I'm glad the moths are gone, but I can't help being sorry for them to have to die such a horrible death."

MR. J. Killed all the germs, hey?

DR. D. Yes, and don't know but it will kill me. Speaking of germs makes me think of something my little boy ——

CENSUS TAKER. Oh, murder, on that tack again!

DR. D. We're very careful about germs at our house; spray the telephone, sterilize the drinking cups, don't allow him to drink in public, etc.

MR. SHARP. Don't wonder the kid gets sick of it.

DR. D. The other night he said to me, "Papa, do you know what I'm going to do when I grow up?" "No," I said, expecting to hear he was to be a policeman or a conductor. "I'm going to do something aw-ful. I'm—going—to—eat—a—germ; a—real—live—germ."

(*Laughter.*)

MR. M. Say, Doctor, how's your faith cure working?

DR. D. Fine—fine. Hear about my last case?

MR. M. No, haven't heard.

DR. D. You knew Mr. Johnson, Sam Johnson, didn't you?

MR. M. The one that lived on Ash Street?

DR. D. Yes; he was a pretty sick man last fall. Ought to have gone to a warmer climate but couldn't afford to, so I thought I'd try the power of imagination on him. I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and persuaded him to think it was a hot sun shining on him.

MR. M. How did it work?

DR. D. Fine at first. Thought he was improving rapidly when, on my arrival there one morning, I found him dead.

MR. J. Failed?

DR. D. No, it worked too well. His imagination was too strong and he simply died of a sunstroke.

(MAN *rushes in holding finger.*)

MAN. Where is the doctor?

DR. D. Right here. What can I do for you?

MAN. I've cut my index finger.

DR. D. (*shaking head*). Sorry, sorry, but I can't do anything for you. I'm a specialist on the middle finger. Run right across the street to Dr. Smith. [*Exit* MAN.

CENSUS TAKER. Did you say you had children, Doctor?

DR. D. I've got a parrot.

MR. E. Good talker?

DR. D. Great, but I'm afraid I can't keep it here. Had him in the medical college and he picked up a lot of professional terms. Mrs. Simpson was calling on us the other evening and somebody asked her to sing. You know what a wretched, raspy voice she has. The instant she stopped that parrot screeched: "Chloroform her, chloroform her." I've lost that patient all right, and she was one of my wealthiest ones.

MR. STONE. I don't want to be no doctor. Reckon I'd dream of cases.

DR. D. I did dream of one the other night. Little Joseph Abbott has had a number of operations, appendix and tonsils removed, etc., and I pitied the poor little chap and had been thinking of him a good deal. Suppose I had him on my mind when I fell asleep, for I dreamed he was at the gates of heaven asking to go in. Peter asked him if he had been baptized. "No, not exactly," says he, "but I've had my appendix removed, my tonsils taken out, my eye muscles cut, one kidney removed and my ear drum pierced." Peter went over to the card index, returned in a moment and said, "All right, sonny, they're all here; you may come in and join them."

MISS H. That's as bad as a little girl I had. She had been absent several days, so I looked her up and inquired the cause. "I'll tell you, ma'am," she says. "I wuz gittin' along reel well in school and wuz goin' to keep on till I hed a fine eddication, but you know one day a man came and 'zamined me and sed I'd have to hev my tonsils cut out, have my teeth pulled out and wear glasses, and when I went home and told my mother she sed, 'You kin jest stay to hum; I ain't a-goin' to hev you insected fer no school.'"

MR. H. Guess you must have been the man, Doctor.

CENSUS TAKER (*to* MRS. TIBBETTS). I'll see if I can get

in a few words now. You next, madam. I'll take the hardest question first. How old are you?

MRS. T. (*giggling like a schoolgirl*). I don't like to tell.

CENSUS TAKER. But you must tell.

MRS. T. I'm afraid if the teacher heard she'd make me go back to school.

CENSUS TAKER (*aside*). She's over forty, I'll wager. (*Aloud.*) Come, madam, your age. I have no time to waste.

MRS. T. I've kept my age a secret since I was twelve years old.

CENSUS TAKER (*slyly; winking at people*). Well, you'll tell it one of these days. Women can't keep a secret.

MRS. T. Well, I think when a woman has kept a secret thirty-five years she knows pretty well how to keep it.

CENSUS TAKER. A little example in addition. Thirty-five and twelve are forty-seven. Thank you, madam.

MRS. T. You—you—you horrid creature!

CENSUS TAKER. Married?

MRS. T. (*giggling*). Not now.

CENSUS TAKER. How many times have you been married?

MRS. T. Three, but (*giggling and coming closer to* CENSUS TAKER) I'm willing to get married again.

(*Tries to put arms around him.*)

CENSUS TAKER (*stepping back hastily*). Madam, I am not proposing, I am taking the census.

MRS. T. Wouldn't you like to take a wife, too?

CENSUS TAKER. No, I'm no bigamist. I have a wife and six children already.

MRS. T. Horrid creature! I've a good mind to sue you for trifling with my affections. (*Flounces back to seat.*)

CENSUS TAKER. The government ought to pay a hundred dollars an hour for this job. Catch me ever taking the census again. Here, you, mister (*to* MR. SALOON), step up here and answer these questions lively. (MR. SALOON *steps up.*) What is your name?

MR. SALOON. John J. Saloon.

CENSUS TAKER. Saloon! I never heard that name before. Spell it.

MR. SALOON. Hess, hay, hell, two hoes, hand hay hen.

CENSUS TAKER (*dropping book and pencil and staring at him open-mouthed*). Say, spell that again, will you? What language do you speak, anyway?

MR. SALOON. Hi'm han Henglishman hand Hi speak the Henglish language. Can't you understand plain Henglish, you blooming hidiot?

CENSUS TAKER (*picking up book*). Well, try your "Henglish" again. Spell your name.

MR. SALOON. Hess, hay, hell, two hoes, hand hay hen.

CENSUS TAKER (*shaking head in despair; finally handing* MR. SALOON *the book*). Here, write your "Henglish"; I can't "Henglish" it. (MR. SALOON *takes book, writes and hands back.* CENSUS TAKER *reads aloud.*) S-a-l-o-o-n. Why couldn't you say so in the first place? Your occupation, Mr. Saloon?

MR. SALOON. Hi'm a barber.

MR. SHARP. Related to Christopher Columbus?

MR. SALOON. Not that Hi know of.

MR. SHARP. Thought perhaps you might be—same trade.

MR. E. Why, Christopher Columbus' folks weren't barbers!

MR. SHARP. History tells us they were woolcombers, doesn't it? (*Laughter.*)

CENSUS TAKER. Ever serve in the navy, Mr. Saloon?

MR. SALOON. Yes, hay little while, honly barber hin the regiment. Major was hawful mad when Hi left.

DR. D. Couldn't get any one to cut his hair, I suppose.

MR. SALOON. When they told him there was no one hin the regiment who could cut hair, he said: "Hain't there hay gardener hin the company? Find him hand send him to me."

MR. M. What good would a gardener do?

MR. SALOON. When the gardener came the major said: "Hare you hay gardener?" "Hi ham," he said. "Then go cut hair," says the major. "Hi can't cut hair," says the gardener. "Great guns, man, hif you can cut grass you can cut hair. Go hand do hit."

CENSUS TAKER. I wish you'd cut out your stories. How many children have you?

MR. SALOON. Six.

CENSUS TAKER. Give me their ages.

MR. SALOON. Hall right, sir. Mary will be thirteen hin September—yes—that must be right; hand John his—John his—ahem—John his—he's going on twelve Hi guess; then Susie—Susie—wait hay minute till Hi think—Susie—Hi never can remember how hold she his—but James his—James his—James his—and Joe—Joe—Joe his—for goodness' sake, man, go hover to the 'ouse hand hask my wife.

CENSUS TAKER (*sighing deeply*). Go sit down. I'll try you next. (*Points to* MRS. SAMPSON.) Any children?

MRS. SAMPSON. Yes.

CENSUS TAKER. Well, I'll hear about the rising generation first.

MRS. SAMPSON. Rising generation! If you tried gittin' 'em up in the mornin' a few times you'd never call 'em the risin' generation agin.

MR. E. Bless the children! What should we do without them?

DR. D. That isn't the question. What would the measles, mumps, chickenpox and whooping cough do without them?

MR. M. Yes, and what would the doctors do without the measles, mumps, chickenpox and whooping cough?

CENSUS TAKER. How many children have you?

MRS. SAMPSON (*nodding head and counting on fingers*). Lemme see, there's Sue and Kate and Sarah and Liza and Bill and Bob and Jim and Joe and John and ——

CENSUS TAKER. Now, madam, if you would just give me the number.

MRS. SAMPSON (*angrily*). Number? Number? We ain't commenced numberin' 'em yet, thank ye. We ain't run out of names.

MRS. J. I don't see how you ever tell those twins apart, Mrs. Sampson; they're as like as two peas in a pod.

MRS. SAMPSON. I can't allus, but if I hear a noise in the pantry and call out, "Bill, is thet you?" and he ses, "Yes, ma," I'm purty sure it's Bob, and he's up to some mischief.

MISS H. Where do you ever find room to put all your family in that little house?

MRS. SAMPSON. We do hev ruther a tight squeeze. When the last baby came my husband said we'd got to make more room somehow, so he hung the broom outdoors and cut off the cat's tail. That made a little more room.

CENSUS TAKER. You haven't told me yet how many children you have.

MRS. SAMPSON. I don't know fer certain.

CENSUS TAKER. You don't know!

MRS. SAMPSON. Not fer certain. You see, Bill's gone fishin', Bob's got a gun and gone huntin', John's breaking a colt, and Sue's thinkin' of elopin'. Can't reely tell how many I hev till I get 'em all in bed.

CENSUS TAKER (*disgustedly*). Sit down. (*Aside.*) I'll

say twenty-five for a guess. (*To* Mr. M.) You next. Occupation?

Mr. M. Undertaker.

Mr. J. Solemn business, Mr. More, but I suppose you have some queer experiences like the rest of us?

Mr. M. Yes; funny thing happened the other night. Telephone rang, I answered, some one asked, "Can I get a box for two here to-night?" "Box for two? We don't have boxes for two here. They're all for one." "Isn't this the City Theatre?" "No," I said, "this is the undertaker's," and he hung up quick without ordering a box for two.

(*Laughter.*)

Census Taker (*impatiently*). Any children?

Mr. M. Yes, one daughter.

Census Taker. Her name?

Mr. M. (*smiling at people*). Postscript.

Census Taker. Postscript! Do you mean to say your daughter's name is Postscript?

Mr. M. That's what we call her.

Mr. H. Why do you call her that?

Mr. M. Because her name is Adaline More.

Mr. H. Ad-a-line More. Oh, I see. Pretty good.

Census Taker. That's all for you. Here, you fellow, come out here. (*Points to* Bill, *who shambles out, knocking over several chairs.*) What's your name?

Bill (*grinning*). Bill.

Census Taker. Bill what?

Bill (*hands in pocket, shifting from one foot to other*). Bill Watt.

Census Taker. Now don't try to be funny with me. I want your name, and I want it quick. What is it?

Bill (*vacantly*). Watt! Watt! Watt is my name.

Census Taker. Yes, what is your name?

Bill. Watt—Watt—Watt. Do you want me to whistle it?

Mr. E. His name is W-a-t-t—Watt.

Census Taker. Occupation?

Bill. Hey?

Census Taker. What do you work at?

Bill. I've got a job.

Mr. K. Where are you working, Bill?

Bill. In a domino factory.

Mr. H. What do you do there?

BILL. I put on the dots.

MR. J. Why aren't you working to-day, Bill? Business dull?

BILL. Business ain't dull; they're making double blanks to-day; ain't no dots to put on. (*Laughter.*)

MR. STONE. Say, Bill, I know something you couldn't dew.

BILL. Guess not. I kin do anything.

MR. STONE. Wall, you couldn't do this. Want to try it?

BILL. Fire ahead.

MR. STONE. You can't carry water in a sieve.

BILL. Huh, that's easy.

MR. STONE (*winking at crowd*). Want to try it?

BILL. What'll you give me if I do it?

MR. STONE. I'll give you a quarter.

BILL. All right, get your quarter ready. (BILL *goes out and amid roars of the crowd appears with a piece of ice in a sieve.*) Hand over your quarter.

MR. STONE. I said water.

BILL. Ain't ice frozen water? You didn't say what kind of water.

CHORUS OF VOICES. Give him the money. He's won. Got ahead of you that time, etc.

DR. D. Don't get much ahead of Bill, after all.

(MR. STONE *gives* BILL *the money, which he tries with his teeth, drops to hear it ring, etc.*)

CENSUS TAKER. Are you married, Bill?

BILL (*sadly*). Yes, I am, and I wish I wasn't.

MR. SHARP. Don't you like matrimony, Bill?

BILL. No, don't like it—don't like it at all.

MR. SHARP. Why not?

BILL. Well, lawyer, yer see it's this way. Before we was married, when I knocked at the door, she used ter say, "Am that you, honeysuckle?" Now when I come home she yells out, "Wipe your dirty feet before you come in, you clown, you!" No, siree, matrimony ain't all a bed of roses.

DR. D. (*aside*). Queer thing about this chap—offer him the choice of a cent or a nickel and he'll take the cent every time. (*Aloud.*) Here, Bill, which will you have?

(*Offers him a penny and a nickel.*)

BILL (*grinning*). I'll take this one.

(*Takes penny. Several others try him,* BILL *taking the penny each time amid much laughter.*)

DR. D. Bill, why is it you always take the cent instead of the nickel?

BILL. What do you think? Think I'm a fool, hey? Suppose I took the nickel, would I ever get the chance to take another one?

CENSUS TAKER. You're too smart for this crowd, Bill. I'm through with you. Go, sit down.

BILL (*returning to seat, counting pennies aloud*). Got enough to buy some 'backy.

CENSUS TAKER (*to* MRS. J.). You next. Your name?

MRS. J. I don't know.

CENSUS TAKER. You didn't understand my question. What is your name?

MRS. J. I don't know for sure.

CENSUS TAKER. Don't know your own name!

MRS. J. I've been divorced several times. At present my name is Mrs. Jones in this state; in some states it is Miss Simpson, my maiden name; in three states it is Mrs. Brown, my first husband's name, and in two states it is Mrs. Rogers, my second husband's name.

MR. SHARP. Say, when a woman marries and gets divorced inside of a week what would you call it?

MR. SINGLE. I'd call it taking his name in vain.

CENSUS TAKER. What were the causes of your divorces?

MRS. J. The causes of my divorces? My marriages, of course.

CENSUS TAKER. Is this your residence?

MRS. J. I eat and sleep here, but I have a trunk in the next state where I am getting a divorce from my present husband.

CENSUS TAKER. Then you're married at present?

MRS. J. I'm married in New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, divorced in Oklahoma, Dakota and Alaska, a bigamist in five states and a single woman in four others.

MR. J. The old saying is true, "It is only fools who get married."

MRS. J. That's because Providence takes care of the fools.

MR. J. How do you make that out?

MRS. J. By giving them wives to look out for them. What would you men have had if the Lord had not made us?

DR. D. One more rib.

(*Laughter.*)

MRS. J. Statistics show also that seventy-five per cent. of the male criminals—seventy-five per cent. of the male criminals are unmarried. What does that show?

MR. STONE. Shows how many men ruther go to the penitentiary than git married. Say, that hobble skirt you've got on makes me tired. How do you ever git home in it?

MRS. J. (*scornfully*). You needn't worry about my getting home. I get home in better season and in better condition than you men folks do with your free-legged trousers.

MR. H. Here's a conundrum. Why is it that all our coins have a woman's head stamped on them?

MR. SINGLE. Why do our coins have a woman's head stamped on them?

MR. H. That's it.

MR. M. Because money talks. Right?

MR. H. Right you are.

CENSUS TAKER. How old are you, Mrs. Jones, Brown, Rogers, Simpson, whatever your name is?

MRS. J. Thirty.

CENSUS TAKER. Thirty what?

MRS. J. Thirty years.

CENSUS TAKER. Oh, I thought it might be months. (*Aside.*) She'll never see forty again. Guess I'll set a trap for her. (*Aloud.*) How many years since you were first married?

MRS. J. (*smilingly*). Twenty-five years.

CENSUS TAKER. Thirty years old now, been married twenty-five years. Married rather young, didn't you? Five years is rather a tender age for matrimony.

MRS. J. (*indignantly*). I'll not stay here to be insulted. I am not perfect, but (*striking an oratorical attitude and gesticulating*) who is perfect? Think carefully each for himself or herself—every man and woman in this audience—have you ever known or heard of a perfect person—an absolutely perfect person? (*Pauses.*)

MRS. STONE. I think I have, Mrs. Jones.

MRS. J. Who was it, pray? I should like to meet that person.

MRS. STONE. It was my husband's first wife.

MRS. J. (*to* CENSUS TAKER). Are you through with your crazy questions?

CENSUS TAKER. Yes, through with you.

MRS. J. I'm going home, then. You men had better get started too if you haven't any hobble skirts. [*Exit* MRS. J.

MR. SINGLE. Hearing the name Jones makes me think of a strange echo I heard once. Up in a range of hills about twenty miles from here there is a little ravine where, if you stand at one end of it and yell Jones, the echo comes back, "Jones, Jones, Jones, what Jones?"

(*Laughter.*)

MR. M. Mrs. Jones is a strange woman.

MR. E. Still she's very liberal in her charities.

MISS H. But not very practical. She was visiting my school one day when I was talking to the children about the sleeping sickness of the Africans, and the next day sent me fifty alarm clocks to send to them.

CENSUS TAKER (*to* ROSY GRADY). Come, my pretty girl, your turn next.

ROSY. Shure, kape a civil tongue in yer head and not be afther calling me pretty before all these folks for I can't be afther returning the compliment. Begorra, I was in a strate-car the other day and the conductor comes straight up to me, stops in front of me and before all the paple says, "Your fare." "Shure," I says, "I know I'm fair, but if you want to be afther telling me that just come round to my place some avening." That stopped his noise for he just said, "Money." I gave it to him and he went off quick as scat, looking rather silly.

MRS. SAMPSON. Where are you working now, Rosy?

ROSY. At Mrs. Lawson's.

MRS. SAMPSON. What do you do?

ROSY. I take care of the baby.

DR. D. Mr. Lawson is very particular about that baby, isn't he, Rosy?

ROSY. Shure, he is that. When I wint to see about the place Mrs. Lawson says (*mimicking*), "My husband is very particular about the person I have for a nurse. He wishes me to go into the most minute details about your qualifications. Do you know how to prepare food? Can you sew and mend? Do you mind sitting up late at night? Are you faithful and devoted and have you a kind and loving disposition?" Shure, I thought it was toime for me to say a woird, so I says, "Ex-

cuse me, ma'am, am I to take care of the baby or your husband?"

(*Laughter.*)

MRS. STONE. I'm coming to call on Mrs. Lawson some day. I don't know as she'll care to see me.

ROSY. Shure, she will. Oi heard her tellin' Mr. Lawson only last night that avery time the door-bell was afther ringing it was some wan with a bill and she wished some wan would call besoides the collector. Shure, she'd be glad to see you.

MRS. SAMPSON. Well, I tried to call the other day and the girl sed she wasn't to hum. I seen her peekin' out of the winder when I went up the walk, so I jist give her her come-uppance, told the girl to tell her that as I saw her peekin' out of the winder I was afraid she was to hum and I'd have to go in. She needn't think she's any better than other folks if she does live in a bigger house. 'Tain't paid fer, I don't believe.

MR. SHARP. Going to get married pretty soon, Rosy?

ROSY. Yes, sor. Oh (*fumbling in pocket and taking out soiled scrap of paper which she hands to* MR. E.), he wanted me to give you this; he's away jist now.

MR. E. (*reading*). "This is to give you notis that me and Rosy is comin' to your church on Saturday afternoon nex' to undergo the opperation of matrimony at your hands. Please be on hand as we are goin' to have a team and it is hired by the hour."

MR. SHARP. Thought you told me you wouldn't marry Pat till he had saved a thousand dollars. He hasn't got that much saved yet, has he?

ROSY (*twisting handkerchief and looking down*). He told me last week that he had saved ten dollars and I told him that was near enough.

MR. J. What does he work at, Rosy?

ROSY. Shure, he's the milkman that laves the milk ivery morning. Mrs. Lawson saw him kiss me the other morning and she says (*mimicking*), "In the future I will take the milk in." "Shure," says I, "it wouldn't be no use, mum, he's promised never to kiss any one but me."

MR. M. Was it his cart that got upset the other morning?

ROSY. Yes. Shure, the strate-car run plum into it and spilt can afther can of milk all over the strate. A big fat three-hundred-pound woman got roight in front of Pat when he was saying, "What a waste! what a waste!" and do ye moind

she was that mad and says she, "Moind your own business. I'll look out fer me own waist." Moind that, will ye?

(*Laughter.*)

MRS. M. Shure, Rosy, I thought Jim Mahoney, the street-car conductor, was your stiddy.

ROSY. He was; but I was afther getting tired of him. He was afther talkin' shop all the toime.

MRS. M. What did he say? Begorra he was a foine conductor.

ROSY. Sit up closer—sit up closer—he was afther saying all the toime, and I couldn't stand it no longer.

MR. SINGLE. When is Pat coming back, Rosy?

ROSY. I've just had a letter from him. Shure, his eddication is illigant. (*Takes letter from pocket.*) Look at that, will ye, and he was afther writing it all himself. (*Reads.*) "Miss Rosy Grady, at Mr. Lawson's Private Way, Dangerous Crossing, Bingville, Massachusetts, U. S. A." Shure, I'm proud of Pat.

DR. D. Where are you going on your wedding trip, Rosy?

ROSY. To the ould country. Shure, I've the money all put away in my stocking.

DR. D. I hope you won't have the same experience a young couple I knew had. It was a very rough trip and the boat was rolling and pitching like fury. "Harry," said the young bride, "do you still love me?" "More than ever," was his earnest reply. After a moment's pause she said, as she looked up with a ghastly face, "Harry, I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't."

CENSUS TAKER (*looking at watch*). It's getting late; hurry up. You next. (*To* MR. SINGLE.) Are you single?

MR. SINGLE. Yes.

MR. E. Why, he's married; I married him.

CENSUS TAKER. What do you mean by lying to me, sir?

MR. SINGLE. I'm not lying—I'm Single.

CENSUS TAKER. Aren't you married?

MR. SINGLE. Yes, I'm married.

CENSUS TAKER. But you just told me you were single.

MR. SINGLE. I'm married, but I'm Single.

CENSUS TAKER. Is the man crazy? Are you married or are you single?

MR. SINGLE. Both; I am married and my name is Single. Understand?

CENSUS TAKER. Some folks are so smart. You're the editor, aren't you?

MR. SINGLE. Yes.

MR. K. Suppose you'll have a glowing account of the wedding in to-morrow's paper, Mr. Single?

MR. SINGLE. Yes, I have it here in my pocket all ready for the press.

SUSIE. Oh, do read it, Mr. Single. I just love weddings. (*Sadly.*) I wonder if I will ever have one?

MR. SINGLE. I'll read you part of it. Couldn't sell my paper if I give you all the news. (*Reads.*) "The bride looked very well in a traveling suit, but all eyes were centred on the groom. He wore a black suit that fitted his exquisite form to perfection, and in his daintily gloved hand he held a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley. His glossy hair was beautifully curled and a delightful odor of hair oil of the finest quality floated back to the audience as he slowly passed down the aisle. The young people will miss him since he has joined the ranks of the benedicts. He is loved by all for his many accomplishments, his tender graces, pleasant smile and winning ways. The bride has a good salary as a bookkeeper, and the dear boy will miss none of the luxuries of his bachelor life. A number of pretty young men friends were at the station to see him depart." How's that?

MRS. T. Well, that beats the Dutch. Not a word about the bride's costume.

MR. SINGLE. The brides have had the monopoly long enough. It's time to say a word about the man in the case.

SUSIE. I wouldn't care whether they said anything about me or not, if I could only get a man.

MR. M. Better not get married, Susie. Marriage is a pottery.

MISS H. You mean a lottery, don't you, Mr. More?

MR. M. No, I mean a pottery—a place for making family jars.

CENSUS TAKER (*to* MR. SINGLE). I understand you began life as a newsboy.

MR. SINGLE (*winking to people*). No, you've been misinformed.

CENSUS TAKER. You didn't begin life as a newsboy?

MR. SINGLE. No, no, indeed; I began life as an infant.

MR. J. Have a nice trip to Washington, Mr. Single?

MR. SINGLE. Fine.

Mr. J. Congress in session?

Mr. Single. Yes. Heard a pretty good thing when I was in the Senate gallery.

Census Taker. Another story!

Mr. Single. A gentleman and his little son were sitting next to me, and the boy had a good many questions to ask.

Mr. E. Wouldn't be a live boy if he didn't.

Mr. Single. Finally the chaplain got up to offer prayer. "He prays for the Senate, does he, pa?" asked the boy. "No," said his father, "he gets up and takes a look at the Senate, then prays for the country."

(*Laughter.*)

Mr. Single (*to* Census Taker). Any more questions?

Census Taker. No. (*Aside.*) I'll guess at the rest for fear he'll think of another story. While I think of it can any of you tell me a place in this town where I can get a decent meal?

Mr. H. Might try Robinson's restaurant.

Mr. Saloon. Hi used to heat there, but Hi don't hany longer.

Mr. H. Why not?

Mr. Saloon. Well, one day Hi went hin hand the bread was sour hand the butter rancid, so Hi thought Hi'd speak to Mr. Robinson habout hit, but they told me he was hout. The next day hit wasn't hany better, so Hi hinquired for him hagain but he was hout hagain. The next day hit was the same, so Hi hasked one of the girls where he was, hand she says, "Hi hexpect him back hany minute. He has just gone hout to get his lunch."

Dr. D. Better ask him where he gets his lunch.

Mr. Saloon. That's what Hi'm going to do.

Dr. D. You think more of what you eat than a friend of mine did—a young surgeon.

Census Taker. They're started again.

Mr. Sharp. What did he do?

Dr. D. He was invited to a Thanksgiving dinner, and when the turkey was brought in the host said, "Now, Doctor, on account of your great surgical skill, I'll ask you to carve the turkey. I'm sure you can do it better than I can." The doctor took his place at the head of the table, raised the carving-knife and made a deep cut in the turkey's breast, smiled absent-mindedly, then frowned, felt in his pockets, took out some

medicated cotton, a roll of bandage and some pins, then proceeded to dress and bind up the cut he had made. When he had it all done nicely, he patted the turkey, looked up with a smile and said, "Now, I think that with rest and good care, the patient will soon be on his feet again."

(*Laughter.*)

MR. STONE. Wall, I vum. Didn't they eat the creature?

DR. D. No, they couldn't bear to hurt the doctor's feelings, so they had a turkeyless dinner.

MR. J. Cheap way. Very saving of him.

DR. D. Speaking of being saving makes me think of a Jew that got a glass eye for his son. I got it all fitted nicely and imagine my surprise when he said to him, "Now remember, Ikey, dat vas a goot glass eye you've got. It cost me lots of money and you must take goot care of it. Always take it out and put it in your pocket when you ain't lookin' at noddings."

BILL. Say, Mr. Ellwood, is Rotterdam swearing?

MR. E. No, Bill, Rotterdam is the name of a city.

BILL. Then I can say it all I want to, can't I, Mr. Ellwood?

MR. E. Yes, but why do you ask that, Bill?

BILL. I don't want to swear, Mr. Ellwood, 'cause you told me not to.

MR. E. I'm glad you remembered what I told you.

BILL. Yes, but it's all right to say Rotterdam, ain't it?

MR. E. Yes.

BILL. Well, Susan Smith stole some of my candy to-day and I told her I hoped it would rot-ter-dam teeth out. That was all right, wasn't it, Mr. Ellwood?

(*Laughter.*)

CENSUS TAKER (*taking* BILL *by the collar and setting him down hard*). There, you keep your noise still till I get these questions answered. (*Points to* MR. J.) You next—name?

MR. J. (*in rather low voice*). Jepson.

CENSUS TAKER. Chipson?

MR. J. No, Jepson.

CENSUS TAKER. Oh, yes, Jefferson.

MR. J. (*yelling*). No, Jepson. (*Spells.*) J-e-p-s-o-n.

CENSUS TAKER. Jepson—I have it.

MR. J. That's right.

CENSUS TAKER. The acoustics of this hall are very bad.

MR. STONE. The hall is all right, mister, it's the soap factory across the street you smell.

CENSUS TAKER. Your first name? Initial, please.

MR. J. Oh, K.

CENSUS TAKER (*pausing between each letter, writing*). O—K. Jepson.

MR. J. Excuse me, it isn't O. K. You didn't understand me. I said Oh ——

CENSUS TAKER (*erasing and writing again*). O. Jepson.

MR. J. No, that isn't right. Rub out the O and let the K stay.

CENSUS TAKER (*impatiently*). Give me your initials again.

MR. J. I told you K.

CENSUS TAKER. You said O. K.

MR. J. I said Oh ——

CENSUS TAKER. Now you say K.

MR. J. (*angrily*). Let me finish what I started to say. I said Oh as an exclamation. I did not mean that it was my initial. My name is Kirby Jepson.

CENSUS TAKER. Oh, I see.

MR. J. No, not O but K. Give me your pencil and I'll write it myself. (*Writes.*) There, I hope that's O. K. What next?

CENSUS TAKER. Married?

MR. J. Yes.

CENSUS TAKER. Any children? Hope that won't start another story.

MR. J. Two.

MRS. SAMPSON. What have you named the baby, Mr. Jepson?

MR. J. Obadiah T.

MRS. SAMPSON. And what does the T stand for?

MR. J. That just means Temporarily—just till he gets his uncle's money.

CENSUS TAKER. Occupation?

MR. J. Grocer, and a mighty poor business it is nowadays. Folks finding fault all the time and not paying their bills.

MRS. STONE. Yes, Mrs. Hill told me the other day that she didn't know what she was going to do about that bill she owed you, for you annoyed her terribly about it.

MR. J. Tell her to pay it, then; she's owed me two years now.

MRS. STONE. That's what I says. Says I to her, "If it

comes to the worst you can pay it." And says she, "Yes, that's so, I can, but I should never have thought of that."

MR. J. Then, there's Mrs. Rapp—always finding fault. The other day she sent her little girl down to say that one of the currant buns she'd bought the day before had a fly in it, and she had the audacity to ask for another bun in its place.

MR. M. Suppose you gave her one, didn't you?

MR. J. Think I'm a Vanderbilt? I did not, but I always do intend to do the square thing, so I told her to tell her ma if she'd send the fly back I'd send her a currant for it.

MR. STONE. Wall, Mr. Jepson, I bought some ham from you last week and it was mighty bad.

MR. J. There they go again. That ham was good, for it was cured only last week.

MR. STONE. Reckon it must have had a bad relapse, then. It certainly wasn't cured, or even on the road to recovery when I got it.

MR. E. If business is poor why don't you advertise, Mr. Jepson? Advertising pays.

MR. J. Not always. My wife sent two dollars in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat.

MR. H. Did she get the information? My wife would be interested in that.

MR. J. Yes, she got an answer saying to sell it to the soap man.

MR. E. Advertising certainly paid that man.

MRS. T. Eggs are terrible high, Mr. Jepson.

MR. J. Yes, home eggs are high.

MRS. SAMPSON. I used to use Western eggs, but I don't any more.

MRS. T. I always do for my cooking.

MRS. SAMPSON. I sent my daughter Sadie to the store one morning for a dozen of Western eggs, and she came home in a high glee because one egg had the name and address of the farmer on it and also a request that the person buying it would write to him.

MRS. T. (*aside*). Bet she did mighty quick. She's set her cap for every man round here. (*Aloud.*) Did she?

MRS. SAMPSON. Nothing 'ud do but Sadie must boil that egg and eat it at once, but she's never cared much for biled eggs since.

MRS. T. Why?

MRS. SAMPSON. She wrote to the farmer and he sed he was reel glad to hear from her, but he hoped she didn't eat the egg as it was two years come hayin' time since he writ that, and he was married now so couldn't write to her any more.

MRS. T. Stung again. Poor Sadie.

CENSUS TAKER. Have you a dry-goods department, Mr. Jepson?

MR. J. Yes, and that's worse than the groceries. Women are the fussiest creatures; can't please them nohow.

MRS. STONE. Don't believe they are any worse than the men.

MR. J. Yes, they be. A woman came in the other day looking for table-cloths. Showed her every one I had in the store; nothing suited her, said she was looking for a new idea in cloths. So I just reached round and pulled out one I'd shown her before and said, "If it's something new you want, madam, this is just the article. Here you see the centre is right in the middle and the border round the edge. The very latest thing."

MR. E. Did she take it?

MR. J. Yes; she exclaimed, "Oh, isn't that too sweet for anything!" and bought two of them. Women do beat the Dutch!

CENSUS TAKER. How many brothers and sisters have you living and how many dead?

MR. M. Try this, Mr. Jepson, and see if it comes out right. (*Give very slowly so audience may try if desired, or some one else on stage might try it.*) Take the number of your living brothers, double the amount, add to it three, multiply by five, add to it the number of your living sisters, multiply the result by ten, add the number of deaths of brothers and subtract one hundred and fifty from the result. The right hand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle will be the number of living sisters and the left hand figure will show the number of living brothers.

MR. J. Correct. (*Gives numbers to* CENSUS TAKER.)

MR. M. The mails have changed, haven't they?

MR. J. Yes, they come in a little earlier now.

CENSUS TAKER. Are you postmaster, too?

MR. J. Yes.

CENSUS TAKER. That's a pretty good business. Uncle Sam is sure pay.

MR. J. Business would be all right if there weren't so many

stupid people around. What do you think of this for stupidity? A big Swede came into the office the other day and said, "Ban any letter for me to-day?" "What name, please?" I asked. "I tank de name is on de letter," he answered.

(*Laughter.*)

MR. H. I bet I've got the hardest name in this room.

MR. STONE. You're a stranger to me, but I'll bet my name is harder than yours. Will you take me?

MR. H. Yes.

MR. STONE. Wall, I'll bet a pint of peanuts that mine's harder. I've got the hardest name in the town. It's Stone. Ha, ha! Hand over them peanuts.

MR. H. Not much. Mine is Harder. My name is Harder.

MR. STONE. Wall, I vum, reckon I've lost.

CENSUS TAKER. I have your name, Mr. Stone. I'll keep on with you. Any children?

(MR. STONE *comes forward, holding hand to back, twisting and squirming.*)

MR. STONE. Oh, my rheumatiz! Mister, I've had rheumatiz nigh on to forty year, and ——

CENSUS TAKER. No matter about your rheumatiz. Answer my questions. Any children?

MR. STONE. Got a boy in college, and my first wife used to say ——

CENSUS TAKER. I don't care a rap what your first wife said.

MR. SHARP. Your boy is quite an inventor, I hear, Mr. Stone.

MR. STONE. Yes, he's great on inventing labor-saving devices.

MR. SHARP. What are they?

MR. STONE. Excuses fer not workin'. Saves lots of labor fer him, but my first wife used to say ——

CENSUS TAKER. No matter about your first wife. Keep any cows?

MR. STONE. Used to hev some, and my son Josh wants to know why I don't hev one now, but I tell him I reckon while he's around that's about the only calf I kin afford to keep. My rheumatiz is purty bad. I've tried all sorts of things for it, but ——

CENSUS TAKER. Stop talking about your rheumatiz, I tell you. Suppose you used to keep valuable cows?

MR. STONE. Wall, that depended. If the tax man was inquirin', they was purty cheap stock, but if one got hurt or killed and it was a damage case, they was mighty vallable; but as I was a-sayin' my first wife allus said ——

CENSUS TAKER. Choke it! Can it! Cut it out!

MR. STONE (*disgustedly*). This census don't amount to shucks. All you want is a lot of old figgers, and ye don't pay no attention to my rheumatiz or my first wife. Waste of money —jist a senseless waste of money. I'm a-goin' to write to the govurnment. (*Goes back to seat, muttering.*)

CENSUS TAKER. Miss —— (*Points to* SUSIE, *who comes out simpering and giggling.*) What is your name?

SUSIE (*twisting handkerchief, acting shy*). George said I was a peach, and I said (*giggling*) let us make it a pear (pair).

CENSUS TAKER. What name did your parents give you? (*Aside.*) I'm afraid I've struck a hard one now.

SUSIE. Susie Gibbs; but I hope it won't be that much longer.

CENSUS TAKER. How many people live at your house?

SUSIE. Nobody lives there. We're just staying there for the cranberry season.

CENSUS TAKER. Well, how many of you are there now?

SUSIE. I can't rightly tell. Father's probably in the woodshed smoking, Bill's gone to the post-office and Joe has ——

CENSUS TAKER. See here, I want to know how many people live at your house. How many slept there last night?

SUSIE. Nobody slept, sir. Ma had an awful toothache, my little brother had the stomachache, pa hurt his foot, Bill felt queer all over, and I'm in love, so I can't eat or sleep. (*Clasps hands over heart.*) I'm in love, but (*weeping*) my sweetheart has left me. Just listen to the cruel, cruel letter he sent me. (*Reads sobbingly.*)

MI POME TOO U.

Hear is the wring u alwus lett me ware,
Hear is ure lettur ann thee lock uv hare
U sent me wenn u promist too be troo.
becuz ure fals i sennd um back too u.
Doant rite ann ast me wi becuz u no
Wott u have dun too me thatt greeves me so

U wennt to ride with wilyum joseph shedd
Hearafthur u wil be as iff ure dedd
Ann i wil pass u bi with skorn ann awl
mi friends will neaver speke to u a tall

sum folks wood hate u fore a hartless flurt
But no, tho u have throne me in thee durt
i will not hate u. i wil lett u bee
a sower ole made, ann sum day wenn u sea
Me goen bi u with a hansum wife
ule nash ure teath in pane, ann awl ure life
ule sett ann si becuz u throo me down
Ann ile be rich ann own most awl thee town.
but wenn ure dyen in sum loanly plais
ile kum and dropp a teer on ure dedd fais.

Uve broak my hart butt there are uther gurls
With jusst uz luvly faises. they are purls
beside uv u ann dyen fore a sho
Too be my awl fore they have tolled me so.
butt u ann me are dun ann if u kum
on bennded neeze ann offered me ure gum
too choo ide waiv u skornfully aside
Ann wood not eaven kare how much u kride,
Taik back ure letter ann thee wring i woar
for u are dedd too me foareavermore.

(*Buries face in handkerchief and sobs.*)

MR. SHARP. Cheer up, Susie, he'll soon be back.

SUSIE. Oh, if he only would. (*Sobs.*) When I think of all our lovely times. (*Sobs.*) When we went to the circus we was waitin' for a car and it came along all crowded full of people and in broad daylight, and what do you suppose he said to me?

DR. D. Something very sweet, I suppose, Susie.

SUSIE. He says, "Come on, Susie, we can squeeze in here, can't we?" (*Sobs.*) I was bashful before all those people, and I said, "I think we'd better wait till we get home." (*Sobs.*) I wish I hadn't said it now. Oh, love is a balm for all wounds.

MR. STONE. I reckon so, but I callate I'd ruther use Jimpson's salve. It smells worse, but it cures quicker, and that's the main pint.

Mr. K. Just as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, Susie. Try again.

Susie. You don't know what it is to be in love, Mr. Knott. It's a dreadful and a beautiful feeling. This little poem shows how I felt before he left me. (*Takes out poem and reads with many gestures, sighs, etc.*)

Love.

What is this feeling I feel
Inside my heart now and then?
I have felt it there off and on
For quite a spell back, time and again.

When I think of him—my knight
Or whene'er his name I utter,
I feel my face git all red,
And my heart flops round in a flutter.

Things always was beautiful to me
But now they seem more beautifuller,
Everything's beautiful now
Even a caterpillar.

Sometimes I am dizzy with joy
Like as if from heaven above;
But now I know what it be—
It is love—love—love.

(*Weeps bitterly.*) Oh, I can't talk any more. (*Goes to seat.*)

Census Taker (*looking over people*). Let me see, I haven't talked with you yet. (*Points to* Mr. H.) What is your name?

Mr. H. (*hesitating*). Er—er—er ——

Census Taker. Go on, go on, to err is human, I know. Your name?

Mr. H. Er—Mr. Harder.

Census Taker. Occupation?

Mr. H. Chauffeur.

Dr. D. I have a stenographer who has a stylish way of spelling—spells loafer l-a-u-f-f-e-u-r; says if chauffeur is spelled c-h-a-u-f-f-e-u-r, loafer should be spelled l-a-u-f-f-e-u-r.

MR. SHARP. Believes in keeping up to the times, doesn't she?

CENSUS TAKER (*to* MR. H.). Were you ever arrested?

MR. H. What did you think I said I did? Push a wheelbarrow?

CENSUS TAKER. How often does your car kill a man?

MR. H. Only once, that's usually enough. A man hasn't nine lives like a cat. (*Turns to company.*) Say, gentlemen, I've invented an auto horn—great thing. Let me get you interested in it.

MR. M. What kind of a horn is it?

MR. H. Oh, one that folks jump at. (*Laughter.*) Bit well, didn't you?

MR. K. What is your latest in machines?

MR. H. We have a car now that can climb any hill on earth.

DR. D. Huh, that's nothing; the last one I bought tried to climb a tree.

MRS. SAMPSON. Autos are turrible demoralizin' things. Set a turrible example to the youngsters.

MR. H. How's that?

MRS. SAMPSON. Why, jest the other day I heard my Johnnie swearin' somethin' awful at my Jimmie, so I gave him a good shakin' and asked him what he was doin'. He begun cryin' and said, "We wuz only playing, and he was the auto and needed fixin'."

MR. E. I hope you punished him severely for his profanity, Mrs. Sampson. Children should be taught better.

MRS. SAMPSON. Yes, I punished him, but I'm afraid it didn't do much good. I shut him up in the closet where my best clothes are, and he was so quiet I thought somethin' must be the matter, so I called out, "Johnnie, what be you doin'?" No answer, so I called agin; then his little voice piped up: "I've spit on your dress, and I've spit on your hat, and I've spit on your muff, and now I'm waiting for some more spit to come to spit on your new coat," so I yanked him out of that closet lively.

DR. D. I wish some one would get out a few practical suggestions about autos. Perhaps that would do away with some of the cussing.

MR. H. (*taking paper from pocket*). Here are some right here I'll read to you. (*Reads.*)

"If your brake fails to work at a critical moment, run into something cheap.

"If you desire to make an impression on a young lady run over her.

"Common humanity dictates that you stop when the tires are out of wind.

"By seating your best girl in front with the chauffeur you will have something pleasant to look forward to during the ride.

"Should your auto overturn, leave your seat immediately.

"You should know your brakes or else you may break your nose.

"If a man gets in your way and is run down he should apologize. If he is dead, demand an apology from his wife."

CENSUS TAKER. Come, come, I can't stay here all night. Here you. (*To* MRS. M.) Your name?

MRS. M. Murphy, and a foine name it is.

CENSUS TAKER. How old are you?

MRS. M. Sorra, I don't know, sor.

CENSUS TAKER. Think a minute. Don't you know the date of your birth?

MRS. M. (*shaking head; arms akimbo*). Date of me boirth, is it? Date of me boirth? Shure, there was no sich things as dates whin Oi was boirn.

CENSUS TAKER. Well, how many are there in your family?

MRS. M. Sixteen, sor, countin' the ould man and the pigs.

CENSUS TAKER. How many children?

MRS. M. Tin, sor, countin' the twins.

ROSY. Foine pair of twins ye've got, Mrs. Murphy; but bless me sowl, how do ye iver till thim apart?

MRS. M. Faith, that's aisy, Rosy. If Oi puts me finger in Pat's mouth and he boites it's Mike.

CENSUS TAKER. How many girls?

MRS. M. Two as foine gurls as iver you set your two paapers on.

CENSUS TAKER. How old are they?

MRS. M. Shure, Bridget is about ilivin or twelve years ould.

CENSUS TAKER (*shaking head despairingly*). When is her birthday?

MRS. M. (*rubbing forehead, thinking*). The gurl was born in tater time, that's shure, but whether they was plantin' 'em or digging 'em Oi can't fer the loife of me remimber.

CENSUS TAKER. Well, how old is the other girl?

MRS. M. Shure, Oi can be afther tillin' you that all roight if you can be afther remimberin' whin the Johnstown flood was. Shure, she was born that day.

CENSUS TAKER. All right, madam. Be seated. (*Aside.*) I give that up as a bad job. I'll try the lawyer next. (*To* MR. SHARP.) You ought to know how to answer questions.

MR. SHARP. Yes, lawyers are like little Davy Sloan—always asking questions. He asked so many that his mother finally told him that if he didn't stop asking so many questions something dreadful would happen to him. "Curiosity once killed a cat, you know," she told him.

MRS. SAMPSON. Did she suppose thet would keep a young un still?

MR. SHARP. She got left if she did. He kept still about a minute then burst out with, "Say, ma, what was it the cat wanted to know?"

MISS H. I asked Johnnie Thomas the other day how to tell the age of a chicken. "By the teeth," he said. "Why, chickens don't have teeth," I said. "No'm, but we have."

MR. SHARP. I don't wonder. His family take their meals where I do. I made the landlady feel rather sour the other morning.

DR. D. Better keep on the right side of her.

MR. SHARP. There doesn't seem to be any right side—not for me hereafter, anyway.

MR. E. How did you offend her?

MR. SHARP. I casually mentioned as I sat down to the breakfast table that I could see weather resemblances in the most ordinary things. "Indeed, Mr. Sharp; I should love to hear them," she said. "This piece of steak reminds me very forcibly of a winter's day—cold and raw."

MR. J. No wonder you are in her black books.

MR. SHARP. "And this coffee reminds me of a November day—cloudy and unsettled."

MR. M. Whew! She ought to have told you it reminded her of your bill—unsettled.

MR. SHARP. She was looking pretty frigid by this time, so I continued: "And you, madam, remind me of a March day—cold and stormy," and the look she passed down to my end of the table would have congealed a red-hot cook-stove.

(*Laughter.*)

MRS. T. Some boarders are such hogs; they want the earth.

MR. SINGLE. Human nature is just the same as it has

always been. Even when they were trying to get the animals into the ark there was a blockade. Noah asked what the trouble was and found that both of the hogs wanted the end seat.

CENSUS TAKER. Tend to business. Your name?

MR. SHARP. James Sharp.

CENSUS TAKER. Born?

MR. SHARP. Yes, I think so; might have just growed, like Topsy.

CENSUS TAKER. Business?

MR. SHARP. Rotten.

MISS H. I'm sorry to hear you use slang, Mr. Sharp. I'm trying to break my pupils of the habit, but it's very hard when the parents use it so much.

MR. E. Too bad! Too bad!

MISS H. I took dinner the other day with the family of one of my girl pupils. I had spoken to her people before about the little girl using so much slang, and they said they would have her stop it. No sooner had we got seated at the table than Marjorie says, "I'm not stuck on this bread." "Marjorie," says her mother, "cut that slang out." "That's a peach of a way to correct the kid," chimed in her father. "I know," said the mother, "but I just wanted to put her wise." I decided not to say anything more to Marjorie about using slang.

MRS. SAMPSON. The mother is a great club woman, isn't she?

MISS H. Yes, belongs to every society in town. Her little boy asked me the other day what etc. meant. I told him it was Latin and meant et cetera. He looked puzzled for a minute then said, "But I don't know Latin." "Well, it means and so on." He looked thoughtful for a minute then said, "I wish my mother would stay home from the club and et cetera some buttons on my pants.

(*Laughter.*)

MR. STONE. Purty stiff bill you sent in to Neighbor Jones fer thet leetle lawsuit, Lawyer Sharp.

CENSUS TAKER. There they go again!

MY. SHARP. I don't have many cases so I have to make a living out of what I do get, but I'm not quite so bad as Lawyer Rogers, who sent his bill in to a client with these two items in it—"To waking up in the night and thinking about your case,

twenty-five dollars. To dining with you after the case was lost, ten dollars."

(*Laughter.*)

MR. J. (*to* MR. SHARP). Why were you working so hard to get that stone turned over up in the pasture the other day? I watched you working at it an hour.

MR. SHARP. "Turn me over" was printed on one side, so I was curious to see the other side.

MR. SALOON. Did you find hout?

MR. SHARP. Yes.

MR. SINGLE. You don't seem anxious to tell what it was. Out with it.

MR. SHARP. Ask Dr. Duncan and Mr. More. They were trying to pry it over, too. (*To* DR. D. *and* MR. M.) Didn't know any one saw you, did you? You both slunk off like a dog caught stealing sheep.

DR. D. (*laughing*). Yes, we got stung.

MRS. SAMPSON. Tell us what it said.

MR. M. Just this: "Now turn me back again so I can catch some other idiot."

(*Laughter.*)

DR. D. (*to* MR. SHARP). You're looking better than when you were in to see me the other day. You are another man now.

MR. SHARP. Well, Doctor, just send in your bill to the other man, will you?

MR. STONE. 'Tain't no use fer you to send your bill in to me fer a while, Doctor.

DR. D. Didn't the crops turn out well?

MR. STONE. I planted three acres of pertaters and I vum if those blasted pertater bugs didn't eat the hull crop in two weeks and then sat round in the trees picking their teeth waitin' fer me to plant more. They seem to know jest where to cum.

MR. J. I'll tell you, Mr. Stone, what I saw in my store. I saw some potato bugs examining my books a few weeks before planting time, to see who'd bought seed. Noticed they stopped quite a while at your name.

CENSUS TAKER. Will you pay attention to me? Here, you dago, see if you can answer questions straight. How old are you?

TONY. I—forty.

CENSUS TAKER. Your business?

TONY. I sella fruit.

CENSUS TAKER. Business good?

TONY (*shaking head*). No—no—'Mericans treecky—man play treecks on me.

MR. SINGLE. Don't you like America, Tony?

TONY. Yes, like 'Merica, but don't like treecky man.

(*Recites with gestures.*)

No like da skeeny olda man
Dat come to my peanutta stan'
To-day an' buy da wan banan'
He mak' me seeck!
Eef evra customer ees go
For maka treecks an' talka so
Like heem, you bat my life, I no
Gat reeche queeck.

Wal, dessa man he com' an' say:
"How moocha for banan' to-day?"
An' so I tal heem right away:
"Ees two for fi'!"
"Oh, my! I mus' be gatting deef
Or you ees talka like da tief!"
He say to me, an' look as eef
He gona cry.

"Ees two for fi'," I say agen.
He shak' hees head at me an' den
He tal me: "Mak' eet fi' for ten
An' tak' da mon'."
"All right," I say, "I guess weell do."
Den "Fi' for ten is one for two,"
He say, "Here ees two cent for you,
I taka wan!"

He tak' da beeges' wan of all!
Ha! w'at you theenka dat for gall?
He ees so meanna man, so small,
He mak' me seeck.
Eef evra customer ees go
For maka treecks an' talka so
Like heem, you bat my life, I no
Gat reeche queeck.

MISS H. Why don't you send your boy to school, Tony?

TONY. He run 'way.

MISS H. Run away? What did he do that for?

TONY. He bad boy. I goin' to leeck him. He say no—he born in 'Merica—he 'Merican—me born in Eetaliee—me foreigner. He say he'd no let foreigner leeck him, so he run 'way.

(PATRICK MALONE *comes running in, stops, looks around rather bewildered.*)

DR. D. (*aside*). That man wants to be examined for the police force, and as I'm the examiner I might as well do it now and have it over. (*Steps up to* PAT.) Strip.

PAT. Phwat are ye afther saying?

DR. D. Strip. Get your coat off and be quick about it. (PAT. *takes off coat, collar and necktie.* DR. D. *measures his chest, arms, legs, pounds his back, etc., then holds broomstick at some distance from the floor.*) Hop over this stick. (PAT. *tries, but lands in a heap on the floor.* DR. D. *gets a pail of cold water.*) Now step under this cold shower.

PAT. Oi will not. Oi'll sthay single furst.

DR. D. Single! What's that got to do with it?

PAT. Begorra, what's all this nonsense got to do with gittin' a marriage license? That's what I'm afther wantin', but begorra Oi'd niver have come if Oi'd known Oi had to go through all this.

DR. D. Oh, I thought you wanted to be examined for the police force. You'll get your marriage license next door.

PAT. And you'll get a black oiye if I iver git the chance to give you wan. Examined for the police force, is it? And Oi've bin a police fer foive years.

(PAT. *starts to go out, but* CENSUS TAKER *calls him back.*)

CENSUS TAKER. I'll ask you a few questions before you go.

PAT. Are you another examiner?

CENSUS TAKER. No, I'm taking the census.

PAT. All roight, me boy.

(*Sits down, puts feet up in another chair and pipe in mouth.*)

CENSUS TAKER. No smoking here.

PAT. Oi'm not smokin'.

CENSUS TAKER. You have a pipe in your mouth.

PAT. Phwat of it? Shure, Oi have boots on me fate, but Oi'm not walking.

CENSUS TAKER. Your name?

PAT. Patrick Malone.

CENSUS TAKER. Are you related to Michael Malone?

PAT. Distantly, sor, very distantly. Oi was me mither's foirst choild and he was her sivinteenth. Say, Mr. Editor, me poor brother Moike has just died. What do you charge fer a funeral notice in your paper?

MR. SINGLE. Fifty cents an inch.

PAT. Fifty cints an inch, and me poor brither was six fate high. Begorra he'll have to do without a funeral notice.

MR. M. How long have you been on the police force? I thought you worked for Nolan.

PAT. Oi'd wurk no more fur that man Nolan. No, indade.

MR. M. I thought he was a fine man to work for. What was the matter?

PAT. Begorra, 'twas on account of a remark he made to me.

MR. M. What did he say?

PAT. Says he, "Pat," says he, "you're discharged."

MR. E. Didn't you work for Mrs. Luce for a while, Pat?

PAT. She's a freak, she is.

MR. E. Why, I thought she was a fine woman.

PAT. (*shaking head*). She's a freak, she's two-faced, fore-handed and five feet.

CENSUS TAKER (*to* PAT.). Tend to business here, you lobster.

PAT. Lobster, am I? Look out or I'll *pinch* you. Shure the tax man was around the ither day to tax me goat.

MR. K. How much did he tax you for it, Pat?

PAT. He taxed me eight dollars, the ould scalpeen.

MR. K. Eight dollars! That was pretty steep for a goat.

PAT. That's phwat Oi said. Says Oi to him, "Look here, Casey, you know that goat ain't wurth eight dollars." Says he, "Oi'm sorry, but that is the law;" thin he pulls a little book from his pocket and rades: "'All property abutting on Main Street should be taxed two dollars a foot.' Your goat is 'buttin'' on Main Street, ain't he?" "Yis," says Oi, "he's always a-butting." "He has four feet, hasn't he?" "Yis," says Oi. "And four times two is eight, ain't it?" "Yis," says Oi. "So eight dollars is the tax on your goat," says he. It's no use thrying to resist the law, so I paid it; but begorra

whin my party gets in, there'll be a change in some of these laws.

CENSUS TAKER. Are you a Democrat or a Republican?

PAT. Oi'm nayther—Oi'm a Socialist.

MR. H. Don't believe you know what a Socialist is, Pat.

PAT. Shure, Oi do. A Socialist believes in dividing property aqually. If Oi had two million dollars Oi'd give you wan and kape the ither myself.

MR. H. If you had two farms, Pat, what would you do?

PAT. Oi'd divide. Oi'd give you wan, and kape wan.

MR. H. If you had two pigs, Pat, would you share those, too?

PAT. Oh, you go to thunder. You know Oi've got two foine pigs.

(*Laughter.*)

CENSUS TAKER (*closing book, grabbing hat*). I'm through with this job. I'm going right up to the office to hand in my resignation. I didn't know there were so many blamed idiots in the world. I've spent two solid hours with this bunch, and I don't know any more than when I began. Stay here and cackle all night if you want to. (*Rushes out.*)

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A Comedy in One Act

By Rachel Baker Gale

One male (played by a woman), seven females, and if desired, sixteen girls for chorus. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays forty-five minutes. A very lively and amusing piece introducing fancy dresses, music and dancing. All the parts of about equal opportunity. Irish comedy part and two capital "old maids." Very funny and not difficult. Complete with music for the Suffragettes' song and march and the Old Maids' song and march. Very strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

AN EASY MARK

A Farce in One Act

By Innis Gardner Osborn

Five males, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays thirty-five minutes. A side-splitting farce of college life lively enough to suit the most exacting demands. Full of funny incident and telling lines. Burlesque actor and "tough" young man parts; the rest "straight" and all good. Recommended for schools. *Price, 15 cents.*

New Plays

THE DEACON'S SECOND WIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Allan Abbott

Six males, six females. Costumes modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours and a half. A play of rural life specially written for school performance. All the parts are good and of nearly equal opportunity, and the piece is full of laughs. Easy to produce; no awkward sentimental scenes; can be strongly recommended for high schools.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

(*As originally produced under the title of "Back to Nature," at The Horace Mann School, New York, by the Senior Class of 1909, for the benefit of The Athletic Field.*)

(In order of their first entrance)

MALVINA FITZ, *the Deacon's "first wife."*
DEACON BARACHIAS FITZ, *a bigamist in spite of himself.*
MILTON GEORGE WASHINGTON FITZ, *a good specimen of Young America.*
NANCY MELISSA FITZ, *his sister—a close second.*
MRS. BROWN, *who likes to 'tend to things.*
KATE ROLLINS, *the Deacon's "second wife."*
JOHN D. BULLOCK, *a captain of industry.*
MRS. BULLOCK, *his boss.*
DOROTHY BULLOCK, *an up-to-date society girl.*
HARTLEY BULLOCK, *author of "Why Boys Leave the Farm."*
EARNEST RENCH, *about everything there is.*
PHILIP GAMBOGE, *professional painter and amateur speculator.*

LOOKING FOR MORE

A Farce in One Act

By Clarence Mansfield Lindsay

Four males, two females. Costumes modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. A very easy and lively farce that can be recommended for performance by young people. The parts are very evenly divided in opportunity and effective without being in the least difficult.

Price, 15 cents

WHAT HAPPENED

A Sketch in One Act

Two female characters. Costumes modern; scenery unimportant. Plays ten minutes. A very slight but very funny skit, suitable for a programme or for a drawing-room performance without the least preparation in the way of properties. A sure success if played rapidly.

Price, 15 cents

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL MA'AM

A Play in Three Acts

By Arthur Lewis Tubbs

Author of "Valley Farm," "Willowdale," "The Country Minister," "The Penalty of Pride," "Miss Burby's Boarders," etc.

Six males, five females. Costumes modern; scenes an interior and an exterior, or can be played in two interiors. Plays two hours or more. An excellent comedy-drama, combining a strongly sympathetic dramatic interest with an unusual abundance of genuine and unforced comedy. The parts are unusually equal in point of interest and opportunity, are genuine types of rural character, truly and vigorously drawn and easily actable. No dialect parts, but plenty of variety in the comedy rôles and lots of amusing incident. An exceptionally entertaining piece, full of movement and action, and without a dull moment. Can be strongly recommended.

Price 25 cents

CHARACTERS

RICHARD ELLIOT, *storekeeper and postmaster.*
JAMES B. GRAHAM, *a commercial traveller.*
REV. MR. FLICK, *the village parson.*
HOSEA CLEGG, *who belongs to the G. A. R.*
SAM ALCOTT, *who has a more than better half.*
TAD, *just a boy.*
SYLVIA LENNOX, *the village school-ma'am.*
IDA MAY ALCOTT, *who has had advantages.*
MRS. ALCOTT, *her proud mamma—somewhat forgetful.*
ELVIRA PRATT, *a dressmaker.*
POSIE, *who was born tired.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—In front of the store and post-office on a morning in August.

ACT II.—Same as Act I, the middle of the same afternoon. If more convenient, these two acts may be played as an interior scene with very few changes of "business" and dialogue, the stage being set in that case as the inside of the store, with counter, post-office boxes, etc.

ACT III.—The home of the Alcotts, three days later.

THE SUBSTANCE OF AMBITION

A Drama in One Act

By Marie Josephine Warren

Three males, one female. Scene, an interior; costumes modern. Plays twenty minutes. A sketch of compelling dramatic interest by the author of "The Elopement of Ellen." A serious piece of high class that can be recommended. *Price 15 cents.*

JUN 10 191

New Plays

THE SAWDUST QUEEN

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Dana J. Stevens

Author of "Plain People," "Old Acre Folk," etc.

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. A play of circus life, very picturesque and effective and not difficult to get up. Unusually rich in character parts and comedy. Soubrette lead; ladies' parts especially strong. Can be recommended. Free for amateur performance. *Price, 25 cents.*

CHARACTERS

DEACON MATTHEW STERLING.
NED STERLING, *his son.*
MISS PRUDENCE PRUE,
MISS PATRICIA PROSSITT, } *three maiden ladies, his cousins.*
MISS PATIENCE PROUTY,
MR. SILAS HANKUM, *his solicitor.*
ADANIRUM GEORGE WASHINGTON HOBBES, *proprietor of "The Great Forever Circus."*
TONEY O'HARA, *an old clown.*
THE HERR PROFESSOR, *acrobat and flying trapeze man.*
HULDA SCHWARTZ, *strong lady and snake charmer.*
STARLIGHT, *the sawdust queen.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Inside the dressing tent of "The Great Forever Circus."

ACT II.—Three days later. The living room in the Sterling homestead.

ACT III.—Several days later. Inside the dressing tent again.

THE SUMMERVILLE BAZAR

An Entertainment in One Act

By Frank Towslee

Twenty-one males, thirty-one females are called for, but this number can be greatly reduced by "doubling" or by curtailing the length of the entertainment. No scenery required; costumes, modern. Plays about an hour with specialties introduced when called for. This is a humorous picture of a church sale, depending upon its characters and incidents, which are home thrusts in almost any community, for its success. It ends with a sale by auction which may be made a real one, if desired, to actually end up a fair. This entertainment will serve as an admirable frame for a vaudeville entertainment, being designed to introduce songs, dances or recitations at intervals in its action, but may be played wholly without them, as a straight entertainment, if it is preferred. *Price, 25 cents.*

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JUN 10 1911

A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening

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The William Wa[illegible]
of Play[illegible]

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period, scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

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